Mar. 3, 1944

- CASEY, PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER -

Casey and the Strong Woman

by

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Script No.33

CUE: COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM
(..... 30 seconds .....)

CASEY: (COLD) Face the camera, please...hold it!

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

CASEY: Thanks. (FADING) You'll see it in the Morning Express.

ANNC'R: Columbia brings you another adventure of Casey, Press Photographer. Tonight, and every Saturday at this time, Columbia invites you to follow Casey on his exciting assignments and to meet the strangely assorted people who pass in swift moving parade before the shutters of his camera. Tonight— (ORGAN EFFECT) —"Casey and the Strong Woman."

MUSIC: OVERTURE TO DRAMA...SET & UNDER

ANNC'R: The city room of the Express has reached the late afternoon peak of its noisy, aimless-looking, efficiency when Casey opens the door (*) and strides toward the desk of City Editor, Burke. In the big photographer's hand are half a dozen glossy prints still damp from the rinsing bath...and, as Burke concludes one of his innumerable daily telephone conversations——

SOUND: FADE ON CITY ROOM EFFECTS AT * & HOLD UNDER

BURKE: (FADING ON) Okay, I've got it all, Yates...g'bye.

SOUND: TELEPHONE RECEIVER CRADLED

BURKE: What y' got there, Casey?

CASEY: The shots you told me to get, of course.

BURKE: It took you a long time to get em!

CASEY: (IRRITABLY) Listen, Burke— when you send a guy to take pictures of an ex-European king who's the house guest of a present-American multi-millionaire, the guy just doesn't barge in and take em...he waits outside until the big-shots are ready to come out. And I had to wait two solid hours ...in the cold.

BURKE: That's too bad.

CASEY: You bet it's too bad!— this is one of the rawest days we've had this winter...my feet wont thaw out for a week.

BURKE: (MOCK SYMPATHY) Toh tch toh...you poor delicate people.

CASEY: Humph.

BURKE: One or two of these pictures are good enough to run, I guess.

CASEY: They're <u>all</u> good and you know it! (SLIGHT FADE) I'll see you later.

BURKE: Wait a minute!— where you going??

CASEY: Over to the Blue Note...I need a couple drinks to get the chill out of my bones.

BURKE: You wont have time to get em now...I've got a job for you.

CASEY: Burke—

BURKE: Dont tell me again how frost-bitten you are!— you know how easily I bust into tears. Take this address.

CASEY: Old Turnpike and— (ANGRILY) This is way out on the edge of town!

BURKE: Yeah...it's a little farm near the Chrysford Aircraft plant.

CASEY: It'll take me at least forty minutes to drive out there... and I've got no heater in the car!

BURKE: You should get yourself one. You'll take Ann Williams with you to cover the reporting end of this.

CASEY: (SIGHS) Okay. What do we cover at this farm?

BURKE: Yates just called in from Headquarters— the Old Turnpike Precinct Station has reported an attempted burglary there.

CASEY: "Attempted" burglary?

BURKE: Yeah...the woman who runs the farm caught the yeggs before they could get away with anything. They're both in the clink now.

CASEY: There's no news value in that kind of a yarn!— and it certainly isn't worth a picture!

BURKE: This yarn'll be worth several pictures,Casey...and quite a little space.

CASEY: Why?

BURKE: (CHUCKLING) Because the two would-be burglars took quite a beating-up from the little lady who discovered em.

CASEY: Beating-up from—?

BURKE: Uh huh. You see,this lady used to be a circus lady...her specialty was bending iron bars into pretzel-shapes and she was known as "Hippolyta,the Strong Woman". (FADES, CHUCKLING) Take along your biggest camera,Casey...you'll need it to shoot all of Hippolyta.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: A MOTOR CAR...HOLD UNDER

CASEY: (GROUCHING) Oh,I know it'll make funny reading,Ann:— a couple dumb burglars trying to rob the house of a circus strong woman and getting a shellacking from her...but why couldn't Burke have sent another camera?? My feet are so cold I can hardly work the brakes on this car.

ANN: Stop your crabbing,Casey...I'm cold,too.

CASEY: (SOLICITOUSLY) Here— I'll tuck the blanket in around your feet. Burke shouldn't have sent you out here on a day like this!

ANN: I'm alright...and I'm looking forward to meeting Hippolyta— she sounds interesting.

CASEY: There'll be nothing more interesting about her than there is about this small-time burglary that didn't come off... she'll be just a homely mass of muscle with the personality of a male gorilla.

ANN: That must be her place— just ahead.

CASEY: I guess so. Burke wrote her real name on that address he gave me and it'll be easier to say than that phoney "Hippolyta"— What did I do with—? Here it is. Her square name is Jennie Perkins.

ANN: There's nothing phoney about that.

CASEY: No, it's good solid Yankee.

ANN: (SLIGHT PAUSE) Nice looking farmhouse she has.

CASEY: Yeah. I'll turn in and we'll park in the driveway.

ANN: There she is— back near those chicken houses! It must be her, Casey.

CASEY: Cant be much doubt...that woman's the size of a skinned elephant.

SOUND: CAR STOPS...CUT MOTOR

ANN: She must be six feet, four— at least.

CASEY: (IMPRESSED) And a good 300 pounds that isn't fat. Let's get out.

SOUND: CAR DOORS OPENED

ANN: Okay. (SLIGHT PAUSE) She's seen us...she's coming—

CASEY: (LOW..SURPRISED) Ann, she's got a pretty face...kind of a baby face.

ANN: Yes.

JENNIE: (SHE IS ABOUT 30 AND HAS A DEEP, VIBRANT, UNCULTURED CONTRALTO VOICE THAT MUST CONVEY THE IMPRESSION OF GREAT PHYSICAL SIZE AND POWER. SHE IS A WARM, LIKABLE, FRIENDLY AND ALTOGETHER FEMININE PERSON WHO, AT TIMES, CAN BE AS SILLY AS A ROMANTIC TEEN-AGE SCHOOLGIRL.

JENNIE: (OFF...FADING SLOWLY ON) Somethin' I kin do fer you folks?

CASEY: (PROJECTS) Are you Miss Jennie Perkins?

JENNIE: That's me.

CASEY: We're from the Morning Express..we'd like to get the facts about the trouble you had here a little while ago.

JENNIE: (CHUCKLES) I didn't have no trouble, Mister...that was what them two fellers had who tried to rob me.

CASEY: (CHUCKLES) I can believe that. This is Miss Williams... my name's Casey.

JENNIE: (COMING TO MIKE) Pleased t' meet y'.

ANN: Miss Perkins.

JENNIE: I kinda figured some more of you reporters'd be gettin' out this way.

ANN: More? You mean other newspaper people have already—?

JENNIE: A feller from the Globe just left and, before him, there was two from the Mornin' Mail askin' questions and takin' pitchures of me.

ANN: Casey, you would stop at the Blue Note for a couple—

CASEY: It's okay, Ann...if Miss Perkins doesn't mind going over the whole thing again.

JENNIE: 'Course I dont mind! Like you've prob'ly heard, I usta be with a circus...and my kinda folks never hates publicity. But no use talkin' out here in the cold...(SLIGHT FADE) ...come inside where it's warm.

CASEY: (GRATEFULLY) That suits me fine.

ANN: Me, too.

JENNIE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) I like raw days like this, but they must be kinda hard on you little people.

CASEY: Uh— yeah.

ANN: (LOW,CHUCKLING) That'll hold you for awhile,Casey.

SOUND: DOOR OPENED...CLOSED AT *

JENNIE: Step in.

ANN: Thanks.

CASEY: This is swell. (*)

JENNIE: Pick yourselfs chairs near the raddiator and set... there's a nice easy one,Miss Williams— I'll take my knittin' off it.

ANN: You're knitting socks.

JENNIE: Yes...(FADING ON,WITH A LIGHT GIGGLE)...for a gentleman friend.

CASEY: (WHOLEHEARTEDLY) I wish I was your gentleman friend, Miss Perkins.

JENNIE: (SURPRISE & A TOUCH OF COYNESS) Why...Mr.Casey—??

CASEY: Those socks'll really keep a fellow's feet from freezing off...look at that wool,Ann!

ANN: And Miss Perkins knits beautifully. Oh— it is MISS Perkins,isn't it?

JENNIE: (A GIGGLE) That's right...I aint ever been married— yet. (MATTER OF FACTLY AGAIN) But you wanta hear how I caught them two bums and knocked their heads together.

ANN: Yes.

CASEY: And I'd like to shoot some pictures of you.

JENNIE: I hope you dont mind if I powder my nose and push up the hair first...I wouldn't like the circus folks who know me to think I'm— lettin' myself go since I went back to farmin'.

CASEY: Sure, Miss Perkins.

JENNIE: (FADING) I'll just step into my bedroom here and do a little primping.

ANN: (SLIGHT PROJECTION) When did you leave the circus and—? You said you "went back" to farming.

JENNIE: (OFF, PROJECTING) I was raised on this farm, Miss. After the old folks died, my three brothers ran it...they went inta the Army right after them dirty Japs bombed Pearl Harbor and I come home to take their place. I figgered growin' food was more important than weight-liftin' under canvas. Them's the pitchures of my brothers on the mantel ...in their uniforms.

ANN: (SLIGHT PAUSE) I see.

JENNIE: Good lookin' little fellers, aint they?

CASEY: Swell. (SLIGHT PAUSE) You've got these photographs in beautiful frames.

JENNIE: Sterling silver— best I could buy...they aint too good for soldiers.

CASEY: I should say not!

ANN: What a lovely clock you have on this mantel, Miss Perkins.

JENNIE: The case is solid gold...I won that clock in a weight hammer-throw contest. (FADING ON) You can take my pitchure any time you wanta now, Mr. Casey...(VERY SELF CONSCIOUSLY)...hope I look a little better'n I did before.

CASEY: You look swell.

JENNIE: (GIGGLES —AND THESE GIGGLES SHOULD NEVER BE BURLESQUED) He's one of them flatterin' men, aint he, Miss Williams?

ANN: (DRYLY) I've never noticed it.

CASEY: If you'll sit down and tell Miss Williams your story, I'll take some candid shots while you're talking...then, later, I'll ask you to pose for a few.

JENNIE: Alright. Well— about them burglars:— I'd left the house to go out to the cow-barn, which I do at just that time every day... until a week ago, I had a good ole watch-dog who stayed here while I was away like that; but he died last Saturday— ate somethin' poison, I think. When I got inside the barn, I suddenly remembered that I'd clean forgot to bring along a bottle of medicine I needed for one of the critters who was ailin', so I started to go back for it. And— what do I see but a couple strange fellas sneakin' inta my house by the back door!—

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

JENNIE: (STARTLED) Oh, Mr. Casey— you took a pitchure!

CASEY: Yes, Miss Perkins.

JENNIE: I hope I didn't look AWFUL.

CASEY: I snapped it then because I thought you looked especially nice.

JENNIE: (COQUETTISHLY) Oh— I dont trust you!

CASEY: (CHUCKLES) I've never lied to a good looking woman. (QUICKLY, CASUAL) How long do you usually stay in that cow-barn, Miss Perkins?

JENNIE: At that time— a good hour, at least.

ANN: Then if you hadn't forgotten the medicine—

JENNIE: Them fellas woulda gotten away with what they tried to do. But they didn't! I snuk back to the house soft and easy... it musta taken me a good 15 or 20 minutes— and there was t them two burglars tryin' to bust open the trunk in my bedroom. Before they had time to think, I grabbed em, taught em a lesson and— telephoned the cops to come pick up the pieces.

CASEY: They were trying to open a trunk in your bedroom?

JENNIE: Yeah...come on in, I'll show you. (PAUSE...NO FOOTSTEPS, PLEASE; THIS HOUSE HAS CARPETS) There— that old circus prop trunk.

ANN: It looks more like a steel safe than a trunk.

JENNIE: (CHUCKLES) It was 'specially built to carry some of the big weights I used in my act...it's almost as strong as a safe and there's a doggone good lock on it. It'd take a long time to open that trunk without the key..~~and I carry that 'round my neck.~~

CASEY: You keep something— particularly valuable in that trunk, Miss Perkins?

JENNIE: Why— uh— (EVASIVELY) —nothing any burglar could cash in on, Mr. Casey. I use it for storage...there's mostly just clothes in there— and linens. (AN EMBARRASSED GIGGLE) Miss Williams, I— it's kind of what you might call a- a "hope chest."

ANN: (KINDLY) I see.

JENNIE: (BRISTLING DEFENSIVELY) Just because a girl is big doesn't mean she's going to die an old maid!

CASEY: (RATHER QUICKLY) You're not the old maid type, Miss Perkins.

JENNIE: (RATHER GRIMLY) I aint gonna be, either.

CASEY: (PAUSE)..PUZZLED) Is everything in this room- and in the house -just as it was when you discovered those two men?

JENNIE: Pretty near...I was careful not to bust my furniture when I mopped em up.

CASEY: This toilet set on your dresser looks like silver.

JENNIE: It's heavy sterling!— I won it in a woman's wrestling contest.

CASEY: And this open jewel box— Are these <u>diamond</u> rings?

JENNIE: Sure they're diamonds! They're a little off-color— I ~~bought 'em at a bargain~~...but I never wear phoney stuff.

CASEY: Miss Perkins— you say those men were alone here for 15 or 20 minutes while you were sneaking up on them. Why do you suppose they didn't take these diamonds,this expensive toilet set,the gold clock in your living room and other valuable things you have in plain sight instead of trying to open that trunk?

JENNIE: (HONESTLY) The cops asked me that,Mr.Casey...and the answer is:- I got no idea.

ANN: Miss Perkins says she usually spent at least an hour in that cowbarn,Casey— It looks to me as though those men had become familiar with her habits and expected to have more time alone here than they had...this steel-bound trunk looked as if it might contain something very valuable,so they put off collecting the other things and—

JENNIE: The cops figgered that same way,Miss Williams! But there isn't anything in this trunk that would do anyone but me the slightest bit of good.

SOUND: DOORBELL RINGS...OFF

JENNIE: ~~THAT'S THE DOORBELL~~ That's the doorbell...(FADING)... excuse me.

ANN: (LOW) Casey,why do you suppose—?

CASEY: (LOW) This burglary is becoming interesting,Ann. Why do you suppose that watch-dog was poisoned last week?

SOUND: DOOR OPENED...OFF

ANN: I—

JENNIE: (OFF...HA PILY) Elmer—!

ELMER: (ABOUT 35:A WEAK SISTER...OFF,NERVOUSLY ARDENT:) Jennie, my darling—

~~JENNIE:~~

JENNIE: (QUICKLY) Elmer, I have company. (PROJECTING) Miss Williams, Mr. Casey— will you come out here?

CASEY: Yes, Miss Perkins.

JENNIE: (FADING ON) I want you to meet my— my friend, Mr. Martin.

CASEY: How are you.

ANN: M Mr. Martin.

ELMER: (SUSPICIOUSLY) How d' you do.

JENNIE: Mr. Martin works in the airplane factory...Miss Williams and Mr. Casey are from the newspaper, Elmer.

ELMER: You're here about the— the burglary, I suppose.

CASEY: That's right.

JENNIE: You've heard about them burglars, Elmer?

ELMER: Yeah...a cop told one of the guys at the plant— and he told me. I'm glad you caught those crooks, Jennie.

JENNIE: They were tryin' to get in our trunk— (QUICKLY) I mean— they might a cleaned me outa house and home if I hadn't stopped em.

ELMER: Yeah. (PAUSE, POINTEDLY) Were you and Miss Williams just getting ready to leave, Mr. Casey?

CASEY: Why—

JENNIE: I- I guess I've told you all there is to tell, Miss Williams.

CASEY: I've only got one picture of you so far, Miss Perkins—

JENNIE: Oh— take your pitchures, of course, Mr. Casey.

CASEY: Suppose I take one of you and Mr. Martin together.

ELMER: (QUICKLY) No, no!— I've had nothing to do with the burglary! I mean— I can be of no interest to your newspaper readers.

JENNIE: (A GIGGLE) /Elmer is the reetiring kind, Mr. Casey. But why not have one of us together, Elmer? It'll be alright— now.

ELMER: (SHORTLY) No.

CASEY: (LOW) Hmm. (ALOUD) Okay...I'll take a few more of Miss Perkins then and we'll be on our way. Oh,Miss Perkins— those two men who tried to rob you...had you ever seen either of them before?

JENNIE: No,they were total strangers.

CASEY: (CASUALLY) On our way back to the office,Ann,we'll stop at the Old Turnpike Precinct Station and see what the cops have learned about them.

ELMER: What do you want to do that for?

CASEY: It'll be in my line of business,Mr.Martin...(SLOWLY)... and,besides that— I'm a curious guy.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SERGEANT: I got a report from Headquarters on the finger-prints of those two guys just a few minutes before you and Miss Williams come in here,Casey. It's funny— that was a pretty small-time job they tried to pull at the Perkins' house,but those two mugs aren't small-time guys.

CASEY: Who are they,Serge?

SERGEANT: One of em is Rocks Norman.

CASEY: (SHARPLY) Rocks Norman?— he's a top-notch safe cracker.

SERGEANT: One of the cleverest box-men in the business.

CASEY: He usually goes out for furs or jewelery— big stuff.

SERGEANT: Yeah...he musta been awful low in the chips to be prowlin' a farmhouse.

CASEY: Did you make him talk any?

SERGEANT: Rocks is a tough old ex-con...you cant make his kind talk— or guys like the other fella.

ANN: Whos the other fellow,Sergeant?

SERGEANT: An enemy alien the F.B.I.has been lookin' for a long time— name of Hans Mueller.

CASEY: An "enemy alien"?

SERGEANT: Classified as "dangerous". Why he was workin' with Rocks I dont know...they aint in the same line at all. Funny, like I said— aint it?

CASEY: Yeah. (PAUSE) Do you know anything about a guy named Elmer Martin, Sarge?

SERGEANT: (BLANKLY) Elmer Martin?

CASEY: We met him at Jennie Perkins' house...in fact, we sort-of got the bum's-rush from there right after he came in.

SERGEANT: Oh!— he's the little shrimp Big Jennie's sweet on! Works at Chrysford Aircraft.

CASEY: That's the guy. Is he okay?

SERGEANT: As far as I know. And he couldn't hold a job as draftsman at the Chrysford plant if he wasn't...they're doin' some hush-hush stuff there for the Army and their employees are investigated pretty thoroughly. Why do you ask about him?

CASEY: Just— curious. (PAUSE) Big Jennie— what do you know about her?

SERGEANT: Plenty...and all of it good. She, her brothers in the service, ~~and their old folks before 'em~~ are swell people. (CHUCKLES) Of course, Jennie is a little weak in the head where men are concerned...her size makes most guys fight shy of her and she dont like it that way. But a better woman aint been made yet.

CASEY: (HALF TO HIMSELF) I figured that. (SLIGHT PAUSE, THEN ABRUPTLY) Thanks, Sarge...come on, Ann— let's get back to the office.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: CITY ROOM EFFECTS...HOLD IN BACK

BURKE: From what you and Williams tell me,Casey,I dont see anything puzzling about this busted-up burglary...it has a few wacky angles,but—

CASEY: It has too many wacky angles,Burke.

BURKE: They can all be easily explained—

CASEY: Oh,sure...but I have a hunch the easy explanations aren't the right explanations. Burke,I want to find out more about that trunk of Big Jennie's...I want to go out to her house again— now.

BURKE: Say— I've got plenty for you to do around here!

CASEY: I just might get you something exclusive.

ANN: I think Casey's hunch is a right one,Burke...we haven't got the real story behind this attempted burglary yet.

BURKE: (THOUGHTFULLY) Hmm...you're a lucky guy,Casey— and you must have a strong hunch to want to make that cold trip again.

CASEY: (WINCING) I'd forgotten about that trip...maybe we'd better let this story stay as it is.

BURKE: No...you and Williams get out there and see what you can learn.

CASEY: I dont want Ann with me this time.

ANN: Why not??

CASEY: I'm calling on a lady,Ann...and when a guy wants to make himself agreeable in Florida,he doesn't take along a crate of California oranges.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: DOORBELL...OFF & MUFFLED. PAUSE,THEN DOOR OPENED

JENNIE: (IN SURPRISE) Why,Mr.Casey—!

CASEY: Good evening,Miss Perkins. I hope you'll forgive me for intruding upon you again...some of those pictures I took ~~this afternoon didn't do you justice~~

CASEY: (cont'd) this afternoon didn't do you justice and I thought you might be kind enough to let me take some more.

JENNIE: Of course! Come in.

CASEY: Thanks.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED

JENNIE: That pretty little lady- Miss Williams -isn't with you this time.

CASEY: No. (SLIGHT PAUSE) That good looking gentleman I met here- Mr.Martin -is gone, I see.

JENNIE: Elmer left just a few minutes ago...I cooked his dinner for him.

CASEY: Lucky guy...I bet you're a good cook.

JENNIE: (THE SUGGESTION OF A SIMPER) Well— I know how to do a few things besides lifting quarter-ton bar-bells.

CASEY: I've already gathered that.

JENNIE: (SOLICITOUSLY) Take off your overcoat, Mr.Casey...if you dont, you'll feel the cold when you go out again.

CASEY: Thanks. Oh— I've got something in my pocket— I hope you wont think I'm presuming too much on short acquaintance if— Well—

JENNIE: That package is for <u>me</u>?

CASEY: Yeah...box of chocolate creams. Hope you like that kind.

JENNIE: (DELIGHTED) Mr.Casey— I love em!!

CASEY: That's swell.

JENNIE: How sweet of you! (RATHER DIFFIDENTLY) I suppose you want to take those pitchures as soon as possible so you can get back to your office...I'll go powder my nose—

CASEY: (QUICKLY) I'm in no hurry! (THE LINE:) As a matter of fact, I'd like to talk to you awhile, Miss Perkins...get better acquainted.

JENNIE: (COYLY) What do you mean, Mr. Casey?

CASEY: Well— it isn't often a man meets a woman like you.

JENNIE: (PAUSE...VERY QUIETLY) No, it aint...I'm a freak— a female giant. There's only a few like me in the whole world. But I aint brainless, Mr. Casey, and I dont like to be kidded. (WANLY) You aint tryin' to kid me, are you?

CASEY: (PAUSE) No, Miss Perkins.

JENNIE: (RELAXING) I figgered you for a nice guy. (GENIAL AGAIN) Say, you dont have to call me "Miss Perkins"...my friends call me "Jennie", and I guess we'll be friends.

CASEY: (ASHAMED) I hope so— Jennie.

JENNIE: Well— I'll powder the nose—

CASEY: (ANGRY AT HIMSELF...VEHEMENTLY) Wait a minute!— I was trying to put something over on you a minute ago and now I feel like a louse...my cards are face up from this time on!

JENNIE: You was—?

CASEY: Jennie, I haven't come out here because I want more pictures or because I'm a wolf on the hunt...I'm here to find out what you've got in the trunk those burglars tried to open!

JENNIE: The trunk—?

CASEY: Yes! There was something phoney about that attempted robbery —a phoniness you had no part in! You said you used that trunk for a "hope chest".

JENNIE: I do! (ANGRILY) But what business you got, Mr. Casey—??

CASEY: I haven't any business to be prying into your affairs...I'm just a camera guy out for news pictures!— you can help me find out what I want to know or you can tell me to get out of here!

JENNIE: (PAUSE) I'm a kind-of a sap for guys who lay their cards on the table. You ask the questions and I'll give the answers...Casey.

CASEY: Thanks— Jennie.

JENNIE: (CHUCKLES) But that trunk aint gonna give you any news-pitchures. I'll tell you somethin' that's been kept a secret up to now:— Elmer and I are gonna be married.

CASEY: You and Mr.Martin?

JENNIE: (HAPPILY) Uh huh. Which makes that old trunk more than a "hope chest"...it's full of things I've accumilated for our sure weddin' and after— clothes and nice linens— plus things Elmer's given me to put away.

CASEY: (RATHER SHARPLY) What's he given you to put in there?

JENNIE: A lot of War Bonds.

CASEY: War Bonds?

JENNIE: Made out in my name...that's why I told you this afternoon that nothin' in that trunk could do a burglar any good.

CASEY: (NONPLUSSED) There's nothing there but clothes and linen and— War Bonds in your name?

JENNIE: Well— my name and his'n. I'll open it up and show you... (SLIGHT FADE)...come on. (CHUCKLES) Elmer and I have been havin' some little arguments about them bonds. Y' see,Casey, (FADING IN) he's been givin' em to me— at least one a week - ever since we got engaged four-five months ago...and we had to keep our engagement secret 'cause he was gettin' a divorce.

CASEY: Divorce?

JENNIE: Yeah. He only got it ten days ago...and then,to celebrate, he wanted me to let him have them bonds so's he could cash em in and buy me a swell weddin' present. But I said "NO!"— we'll just let them bonds stay as they are...they're the only weddin' present I want."

CASEY: Ten days ago,you refused to let him have the Bonds?

JENNIE: Uh huh. He was perty sore about it. And he was sore again

(CONT'D)

JENNIE: (cont'd) tonight when I wouldn't let him have em after them burglars were here. (CHUCKLES) But he'll get over it. (SOFTLY) I carry the only key to this trunk around my neck ...it's kinda precious to me— it's my future.

CASEY: (SYMPATHETICALLY) Yeah.

SOUND: TRUNK UNLOCKED AND HEAVY LID RAISED

JENNIE: It's open...now you can see for yourself. The Bonds are in this compartment— in them manilla envelopes.

CASEY: (PAUSE...SHARPLY) Every envelope is sealed.

JENNIE: Elmer did that so I'd get a big surprise when they was opened...you see I dont know how big the Bonds are— some may be only 25s and some may be hundreds.

CASEY: He sealed these envelopes before he gave them to you?

JENNIE: Yes.

CASEY: Jennie,will you open one of them for me?

JENNIE: I couldn't do that!

CASEY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Then I'll have to do it!

JENNIE: (ANGRILY) No!! Give me that...I wont let you—!!

SOUND: ENVELOPE TORN OPEN— ANTICIPATE . PAPER ~~PAPER~~ QUICKLY UNFOLDED AT *

CASEY: (BACK TO MIKE)..RAPIDLY) You're too late to stop me now! And LOOK!

JENNIE: It aint a War Bond...it's just folded paper! (*)

CASEY: Draftsman's tracing paper!

JENNIE: It's a plan of some kind!

CASEY: It looks like only a small section of a plan— like part of an aeroplane wing! I think other sections are in those other envelopes!

JENNIE: I dont understand—!

CASEY: I think I do now! Your Elmer Martin works in the drafting room of Chrysford Aircraft— he's been tracing the blueprints of a war plane in small sections that he could copy

CASEY: (cont'd) quickly and smuggle out without discovery. But he didn't dare keep them himself, so he tricked you into keeping them. When his copy was complete, he tried to get the sections back from you so they could be assembled, but you refused to let him have these envelopes...and that's why an attempt was made to open this trunk today!

JENNIE: You dont mean that Elmer—?

CASEY: (SYMPATHETICALLY) Jennie, one of the men you caught here was an enemy alien wanted by the F.B.I.

JENNIE: (A CHOKED SOB) I cant believe—

ELMER: (SHARPLY...HALF OFF) Because you're a fool.

JENNIE: Elmer—!

CASEY: Martin!!

ELMER: (FADING ON) Put up your hands— both of you!

CASEY: (SLIGHT PAUSE...QUIETLY) Okay.

ELMER: Put em up, Jennie— or I shoot!

JENNIE: (VERY QUIETLY) Alright, Elmer.

ELMER: Now stay that way. (CHUCKLES) I saw your car pull up here right after I left, Mr. Casey...I didn't like your "curiosity" this afternoon, so I thought I'd better stick around. I got back into the house— very quietly —just in time to hear your interesting theories.

JENNIE: (QUIET, DEADLY) You're— a spy.

ELMER: (MOCKING) Not a/~~spy~~ spy, Jennie...simply a guy who has no foolish scruples. I was in a position to supply something which would bring a high price from— certain people...the plans of a new war plane, as Casey here guessed. I've been making the most of an opportunity.

JENNIE: And you conned me into—

ELMER: (CHUCKLES) You had a swell reputation...no one would

(CONT'D)

ELMER: (cont'd) suspect you of hiding stolen plans. And it was so easy to make you believe that I was your devoted future husband.

JENNIE: (BITTERLY) Yeah, it was a cinch.

CASEY: Until now, Martin, I thought a worm was the lowest thing on earth.

ELMER: Your opinion doesn't matter to me, Casey— or her's, either! In a few minutes, you'll both be very dead. But, first, I'll take my "War Bonds" from that trunk—

JENNIE: No, you wont!!

SOUND: TRUNK LID SLAMMED SHUT...LOCKED AT *

ELMER: Dont close that trunk—!! Dont look it— !! Ahh!! (STRUGGLE

CASEY: Good work, Jennie!— while he had his eyes on you and that trunk, I got him!! Pick up that gun I knocked from his hand!

JENNIE: (SAVAGELY) I aint botherin' with no gun...I just want my hands on that rat!

ELMER: (TERRIFIED) Dont let <u>her</u> touch me!! (CRIES) Help!! Weidemann!! WEIDEMANN!!!

SOUND: DOOR THROWN OPEN...OFF

CASEY: Someone opened the door out there!!

JENNIE: Get that gun—!!

WEIDEMANN: (40; STEELY, SADISTIC; CLIPPED PRUSSIAN ACCENT...HALF OFF) Dont touch that gun! Dont move!

ELMER: I forgot to tell you saps that I had friends outside.

WEIDE: (ANGRILY) And you had to call for our help, Martin!

ELMER: This guy, Casey, jumped me, Weidemann...<u>she</u>'d have killed me!

WEIDE: You are a bungler! I see you even let her look that trunk again!

ELMER: She has the key in her hand.

WEIDE: Take it from her, August!

AUGUST: (A NAZI THUG) Jah, Herr Weidemann.

JENNIE: He dont have to "take" it...I'll <u>give</u> it to him— here.

AUGUST: Herr Weidemann— it iss broken...useless!!

JENNIE: I just busted it in pieces for you!— and it's the only key there is!

CASEY: Jennie,you're an ace!

WEIDE: (IN COLD FURY) It is a pity that such powerful hands will soon become weak forever...and that Mr.Casey will lose his ability to voice approving comments. (SHARPLY) Martin— a garage adjoins this house?

ELMER: Yeah...there's a door into it from the kitchen.

WEIDE: You and Mr.Casey will proceed to that garage,Miss Perkins.

JENNIE: (BELLIGERANTLY) I aint—!!

CASEY: (QUICKLY) They've got the drop on us,Jennie!— better do as they say.

WEIDE: You are correct,Mr.Casey. Both of you— GO!

JENNIE: (SULLENLY) Alright.

WEIDE: (PAUSE,THEN:) Open that door,Schmidt.

SCHMIDT: (A NAZI) Jahwohl.

SOUND: DOOR OPENED

WEIDE: (LOW) Be ready,August.

AUGUST: (LOW) Jah.

WEIDE: (ALOUD) Go into that garage,Miss Perkins and Mr.Casey.

CASEY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Okay.

WEIDE: August—NOW!!

CASEY: Look out,Jen— (*) (A GROAN)

SOUND: AT * THE THUD OF A BLACKJACK & A FALLING BODY

JENNIE: You hit him from behind—!!

WEIDE: Get the woman,too— with your blackjacks...quick!!

SOUND: A BRIEF STRUGGLE,SEVERAL THUDS OF BLACKJACK,THEN A FALLING BODY

AUGUST: (SLIGHTLY OFF,PANTING) That got her!— but she is more strong as a elephant.

WEIDE: Get rope— bind their hands und feet...und gag them, so if they come to before we are ready, they cannot make a noise.

ELMER: Why dont you kill them now, Weidemann, and get it over?

WEIDE: (SADISTICALLY) If you were a good Nazi, Martin, you would not ask that...these people are enemies, they have caused us trouble— simple death will be too easy for them.

ELMER: You mean—?

WEIDE: Later, at my leisure, I mean to employ certain enjoyable Gestapo methods. In the meantime, here they will be out of our way while we force open that trunk...and it will be more uncomfortable for them here when consciousness returns— (CHUCKLING) —this garage is very cold.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: THE WRENCHING OF METAL UNDER PRESSURE OF A JIMMY

AUGUST: (WITH EXERTION) The lock iss very loose now, Herr Weidemann ...it iss beginning to break free.

WEIDE: (IRRITABLY) Jah...but it has taken a very long time.

AUGUST: It iss a strong lock...riveted to steel.

SOUND: THE LOCK BREAKS OFF . TRUNK LID THROWN OPEN AT *

AUGUST: Dot does it!

WEIDE: At last! Open the lid now und— (*)

ELMER: There's the envelopes, Weidemann— there!

WEIDE: I see them, Martin. I put them in my pockets—

ELMER: (GREEDILY) And now you'll pay me for them. The complete plan is there, ready to assemble...the complete plan of a secret plane that—

WEIDE: (IMPATIENTLY) You will be paid! But first I have another payment to make...these two in the garage—

ELMER: You're going to—?

WEIDE: They shall now be rewarded for the trouble they have cause me.

ELMER: What will you—?

WEIDE: (A LOW CHUCKLE) You will see,Martin. Bring that little crowbar,August...it will be a good instrument with which to break the small bones of the hands and feet. You will watch,Martin— and learn to be a good Nazi. Come,all of you.

AUGUST: Jah.

WEIDE: You bound those two securely,Schmidt?

SCHMIDT: Even the big womans could not break free,Herr Weidemann.

SOUND: DOOR OPENED

SCHMIDT: See— they lie on the floor just like I left dem.

WEIDE: Their eyes are open...they have recovered consciousness. That iss good— I wish them to know and <u>feel</u> what I shall do. (CHUCKLES) Put away that gun,August— none of us need weapons.

AUGUST: (LAUGHS) Nein.

WEIDE: I would like to remove the gags from their mouths so we might hear them scream with pain...but others might hear and that would be dangerous. August,you and I will light cigarettes...but not for smoking.

AUGUST: Jawohl,Herr Weidemann.

SOUND: SCRATCH OF MATCHES

ELMER: What are you going to do with those cigarettes?

WEIDE: The burning end,applied to flesh,iss very painful,Martin. August,you will use the knowledge you learned at the Gestapo school upon Mr.Casey...I will attend to the female elephant who broke that key.

AUGUST: It will be a pleasure,Herr Weidemann.

WEIDE: Let us begin— (CRIES,STRUGGLING) Ahh...this man—!!

AUGUST: (CHOKING) The womans have my throat—!!

ELMER: They're both free!!

CASEY: We only waited until you came within our reach, Weidemann!!

SOUND: A HEAVY BLOW, FOLLOWED BY OTHERS...BIG

CASEY: Now I'll attend to the other Nazi, Jennie...Elmer belongs to you!

JENNIE: You bet he does!!

ELMER: Let me go, Jennie!! Dont— AHH!!

CASEY: Not too hard, Jennie...leave something for the cops to take away!

JENNIE: They'll take Elmer away in sections— just like he stole them plans!

SOUND: GLASS CRASH...CUT RIGHT BUS. SMASH IN DOOR AT *

MAN: (HALF OFF...BIG) Hold everything there— put up your hands!!

CASEY: That window—! (*)

JENNIE: Someone's breakin' in the door!

MAC: (OF THE F.B.I) What do you two think you're—? Casey!!

CASEY: You— you're MacManus...of the F.B.I!

JENNIE: F.B.I??

MAC: Yeah. What are you doing here, Casey?

CASEY: What are YOU doing here, Mac??

MAC: We've been waiting for Martin and the Weidemann gang to come out of this house and walk into a trap we'd laid for em...but, when we heard a battle-royal going on in this garage, it seemed time to cut in. Say— you've done a <u>job</u> on these birds!

CASEY: Mac— you guys know about Weidemann and Martin...and about those stolen plans??

MAC: (CHUCKLES) The F.B.I. doesn't miss very many bets, Casey. We've been wise to Martin ever since he traced the first section of an fighter plane blueprint and smuggled it out

MAC: (cont'd) of the Chryseford plant...after that we made it easy for him to trace, and smuggle out, sections of— the wrong blueprints.

CASEY: Wrong blue—??

JENNIE: You mean I haven't been keepin' somethin' in my house that mighta been dangerous to the country— to my brothers in the Army??

MAC: That's right, Miss Perkins. We had an idea that Martin was using your place as a hide-out for the false plans, but our real concern was to find out who had hired him to secure the plans. This afternoon we intercepted a telephone call between Martin and Weidemann, reporting failure of the burglars who'd been sent to get the plans from your trunk. Tonight, Weidemann and his Nazi helpers followed Martin here...and we followed them.

CASEY: You had the place surrounded when I came here then.

MAC: We saw a guy we couldn't identify in the dark, go into the house, Casey...that must have been you. Why did you come here?

CASEY: (RUEFULLY) I was sticking my nose into something, I might have known you F.B.I. guys would attend to. Say, Mac— I've got a camera around here somewhere...how about letting me do a job I really know something about?

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BARROOM EFFECTS, PIANO BEHIND...HOLD UNDER

CASEY: Well— that's what happened, Ethlebert. Now give Miss Williams and me another drink.

ETH: Wait a minute, Casey!— you've skipped a very important part.

ANN: I'll say he has, Ethelbert! After those men bound you and Jennie Perkins hand and foot, Casey, how did you get free?

CASEY: Oh— that!

ETH: I bet I know the answer, Miss Williams:— that big gal is so strong, she busted outa the ropes she was tied with, then she freed Casey and—

CASEY: No...the Nazi who tied us did such a good job that even Jennie couldn't break the ropes.

ETH: Then how—?

CASEY: There was a car in that garage, Ethelbert...and when I came to after the sock on the head they gave me, I noticed that car had headlinghts.

ANN: What good could headlights—?

CASEY: I was able to raise my bound feet high enough to kick one of em out...broken glass can be used as a knife when you haven't got a knife, so—

ETH: You cut the ropes with a piece of that glass!

CASEY: And so did Jennie. We'd just gotten free when we heard the gang coming back...we fixed the ropes and gags so it looked as though we were still helpless— and waited.

ETH: Was anything left of that Elmer Martin guy when the strong gal let go of him?

CASEY: Well— he'll live until his execution. And that's about all you can say for Weidemann and the others.

ETH: That Big Jennie must be a swell scout.

CASEY: She's aces. Do you know what she's going to do, Ann?

ANN: What?

CASEY: (BLISSFULLY) She's going to knit me WOOL SOCKS.

ETH: Hmm...looks like you're gonna have some romantic competition, Miss Williams. As my sister, Edna, says— quote: "In the winter time, the way to a man's heart begins with a pair of warm feet." Unquote.

MUSIC: UP FOR FINISH. — THE END —